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THE CHRISTMAS SONG

I.

The music of the Christmastide,—
Our hearts can hear it still,—
The music that the angels sang
Above the shepherds' hill.

II.

What means that lovely melody?
"Peace!" rings thro' the clear night air.
O! are we men of gentle will?
For us, comes that message fair?

III.

O, heavenly song! O, holy babe,
Whose birth the bright host praise!
O, Christ of God! teach love, grant peace,
To th' adoring hearts we raise.

HARMONY TWICHELL.

Hartford Hospital, 1900.



MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

One dozen mops all in a row!
I counted them twice, and know it is so;
Only a patient, out for the sun,
Longing for freedom and a good run;
With languid eyes glancing hither and yon,
The lined up mops they lighted upon;
A bedraggled lot not worthy of mention,
But the one thing in sight to attract one's attention;
And while their limp grayness I slowly survey
A resentful feeling comes stealing my way;
Each morn of my stay have I been compelled,
To watch one of those mops by a "student" propelled:
Yes, by a *nurse* who had earned her cap,
Not by a "Prob," there'd be reason in *that*—
But by one set to watch the patient's condition
In order to give straight report to physician;
Conditions perforce must come to a stop,
With nurse at the propelling end of a mop.

S. A. M.